

MARCH — And Its Surprises

"Roommate," came the sleepy call, "wake me up early tomorrow morning so that we can get started early for sun bathing." In room x-13 things were really humming. All of the materials in readiness for sunbathing were neatly arranged on a chair.

The weather man had dampened their spirits a little by predicting cold, windy weather for Monday, but did that stop them? Oh, no! They laughed it off with "March is a most changeable month, so why worry or change our plans?"

They went to sleep almost immediately to dream of the wonderful tan which would be theirs very soon.

In the middle of the night, the wind began to howl and whistle around the corners of the Inn. The windows banged to and fro, but everyone was sleeping so soundly the noise didn't wake her.

Let's look in on the girls before they wake up. The sun is streaming through the windows and the day has dawned without a dark cloud in the sky. The wind is still; only a slight breeze is blowing. It looks as if the weatherman has slipped up!

"Joyce, wake up, wake up," called Lou. "The weatherman was wrong, just as I knew he would be," she added, with an I-told-you-so air. "Let's get ready to start."

They set out to spend the day with all their paraphernalia for sunbathing. Before they left they shouted, "Goodbye, girls, we'll

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School Scratch

HEADLINES!!! Jean Hart made C on a Spanish test. We're all rooting for you. Congratulations!

Have you noticed that Gerry has retired from social life lately? She is really worried about her geometry. Have mercy on her, Miss Webb. She's really trying.

Bradie has been wearing her straight lately. I wonder why.

Congratulations, Brown, I hear you got married — in "Chesie's" dream last night.

"Willie" has been going around with a "huge" grin on her face lately; it seems she received a six-page letter from Gene.

Ann Floyd, shame on you! You even make the poor boy buy stationary for you to write him!

Poor Gerry. She can't seem to make up her mind between Buddy or Dave. Of course, the coach is closer.

"I'll see you in my dreams." Who do you see in your dreams, "Combsey?" Could it be Johnny B.?

Lily seems to be in a daze over a tall, dark, and handsome picture she received recently.

Stevens has been spending all her allowance on Greensboro papers lately. She must be quite a literary fan, ha, ha.

Courreges seems to have a particular interest in Bolles Military Academy. I hear they're getting class rings soon.

We sure are pleased to see Kay and Bitsy out of the infirmary. Hope they're feeling better.

I wonder if Gosset and Carl Hill will come to the Junior-Senior? Jean and Gerry hope so.

have wonderful tans when we get back."

Need it be announced to you that the weather took a decided change for the worse during the day? The girls were too busy getting their sun tans to notice, until the wind really told them it meant business.

About 2 p. m. we saw coming toward — or crawling would be more appropriate — the Inn two red, red lobsters. Upon a closer examination, we saw that they were Joyce and Lou, thoroughly cured of sunbathing, at least until March is over.

MORAL: Watch out for March and its surprises!

Descendants of the Cave Man???

Do you think that it's only in Tennessee that "they all go native on a Saturday night?" If you do, merely open your ears (if you can stand the bedlam) to the shrieks, squalls, and screams echoing through your dorm on this off-night. Woe betide any conscientious student attempting an activity so prosaic as study. To carry on such an activity at such a time would require the patience of Job to endure the sounds emitted by the celebrants, the tact of Emily Post to dispose of would-be visitors, and the strength of Samson to forcibly eject the more stubborn ones.

But who wants to study on a

SENIOR REVUE

This is the third in a series of character sketches of Senior High School girls. These clues are so clear that you shouldn't have much trouble identifying the girls.

1. She's an all-round girl, fond of athletics and good at them. Her special interest right now is "Schultzzy," and who can blame her? Her favorite state is the "Bluegrass" state. Need any more clues?

2. This is a tall, attractive girl with a ready smile who is secretary of her class. She is very jolly and well-liked by everyone. Her favorite expression is "flunk, flunk." If you need any more hints just ask Carl.

3. She proves the told adage that "Good things come in small packages." A real Southern "gal," she hails from our southernmost state. Also "Brain" of the senior class. Can you guess now?

4. She's our only day student and a mighty nice one too. She's a little on the quiet side but has a charming and gracious manner. She looks just like a flaxen-haired princess right out of a fairy tale.

5. She plans to become a brain surgeon and wants to enter Vanderbilt this fall. She comes from the "Volunteer State" and her nickname is "Stonie." Everyone likes her and she has a real sweet roommate from Cuba.

1. "Bradie" Cox
2. Jean Hart
3. "Bitsy" Phillips
4. Winifred Macaulay
5. Barbara Gladstone

Saturday night? — that was a purely hypothetical case. It's generally conceded to be much more relaxing to tour the halls with five or six pals, carrying on a private conversation from one hall to the other, and descending without warning upon unsuspecting occupants. This is all very well for the healthy, robust type who strolls up Lookout to get the ache out of her muscles but what of the jittery individual who exists on a steady diet of fingernails and hangs her frayed, vibrating nerves over the bed post before retiring? This person is generally quite weak and rather ashamed to own up to anything as old-fashioned as nerves, and so quietly postpones her nervous breakdown, to which she has been looking forward with great anticipation, to next summer when there's no one around but her employer and an office force of three hundred or so.

Along about 9:30 or 10 o'clock, it comes — the thing for which everyone has been waiting all evening. Sounds ensuing in the hall most nearly resemble a stampede — it seems that some organization is selling ice cream and doughnuts for the benefit of the undernourished who didn't get enough to eat at supper. After the famished have partaken of enough nourishment to sustain them until morning, things quiet down a bit for the last lap.

In the midst of an unusual silence, a sudden "ack-ack" is heard. Wild-eyed phantoms have invaded and are attacking with that fiendish little device known as a water pistol. To the feverish, excited gaze, there seems to be a dozen weapons, but they soon all boil down to one, which makes up for lack of quantity by covering an amazing amount of territory, mainly human, with the wettest water you ever felt.

"At last, we're on the home trail," sighs the house president as she wearily crawls between cool, clean (she thinks) sheets. The straw that broke the camel's back — cozily ensconced between the "cool, clean sheets" are the remains of somebody's bath powder well mixed with soap flakes and cracker crumbs for variety. "Ah, well," she sighs philosophically, "they all go native on a Saturday night."